



# **Immortal Technique Lyrics**

## **"Burn This"**

This is Immortal Technique

Harlem, New York

All over the world

And this is The Martyr

If you are listening to this

It is your responsibility

To burn this for every single motherfucker you know

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "The Martyr"

*[Elizabeth' Movie intro]*

I'm content to die for my beliefs  
So cut off my head and make me a Martyr  
The people will always remember it  
"No. They will forget"

A man who walks with God, can walk anywhere  
Hence.. I fear nothing

*[Immortal Technique - Verse 1]*

The point of guerilla war, is not to succeed  
It's always been just to make the enemy bleed  
Deprivin' the soldiers of the peace of mind that they need  
Bullets are hard to telegraph when they bob and they weave  
The only way a Guerilla War can ever be over  
Is when the occupation, can't afford more soldiers  
Until they have to draft the last of you into the service  
And you refuse cause you don't see the purpose  
The only way to counter the insurgents that are well-equipped  
Is to paint the people fighting for freedom as terrorists  
Then find a faction lookin' for foreign investments  
You stall them with power and murder any objections  
You can't stop a revolution from breathin'  
So to beat 'em they offer people the illusion of freedom  
But when you're done dreamin' and wake up, tortured for treason  
Then you can see them, hidin' behind the God they believe in

*[Chorus]*

Deep in the trenches in the heart of a war  
That's the place a Martyr is born (Mothafucka it's on)  
During the night before the start of the dawn  
That's the place a Martyr is born (Mothafucka it's on)  
When the gunshots are rainin' in the heart of a storm  
That's the place a Martyr is born (Mothafucka it's on)  
Guerilla war when the army is gone  
That's the place a Martyr is born (Mothafucka it's on)

*[Verse 2]*

The purpose of life is a life with a purpose  
So I'd rather die for a cause than live a life that is worthless  
I don't need the circus or the day of national observance  
I need you to think for you and stop being a servant  
Pawns only move a square in the game that they're used in  
And realise it too late, like the shootin' of Huey Newton  
Or Patrice Lumumba and Salvador Allende  
Slaughter by the power hungry branches of their own gente  
Ghandi wasn't killed by Pakistani nationals  
He was assassinated by a Hindu radical

And Che Guevara, rebel to a U.S. continent  
Was sold to the C.I.A. by Bolivian communists  
Wasn't Yitzhak Rabin murdered by a Zionist  
And Anwar Sadat a victim of the same violence?  
Malcolm X was seen as a threat to the F.B.I.  
But to blast 'em they used Muslims from the N.O.I.  
Even the 35th President of the Republic  
Was murdered by factions of his own government  
So now that it's proven, that a soldier of Revolution  
Or head of an empire, disguised in a Constitution  
Can not escape the retribution or manipulation  
Of the self-appointed rulers of the planets corporations  
So Imma need every generation to put your hands up  
Cause you can only get 'em off your back when you stand up!

*[Chorus]*

Deep in the trenches in the heart of a war  
That's the place a Martyr is born (Mothafucka it's on)  
During the night before the start of the dawn  
That's the place a Martyr is born (Mothafucka it's on)  
When the gunshots are rainin' in the heart of a storm  
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Guerilla war when the army is gone  
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# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Angels & Demons"

(feat. Dead Prez, Bazaar Royale)

*[Intro:]*

"What do you see when you're in the dark and the demons come?"  
"I see you. I see you standing over the grave of another dead president"

*[Hook: Bazaar Royale]*

I see angels above me  
Demons below me  
Fighting over heaven, heaven, heaven  
It's real

*[Verse 1: stic.man]*

America's nightmare; young, black, and just don't give a fuck  
Run up in the courtroom and wet 'em up  
Got nothing to lose but my handcuffs  
Every man must choose to lay down or stand up  
It's war time, everything is fair, no fear  
When they say the homie murdered the judge, I don't care  
Fuck 'em, he deserved it, long as the homie get away  
And don't get caught for the crime, I encourage it  
We rootin' for the villain in black  
Pourin' out Absolut, salute, niggas is shootin' back  
In self defense we bang the pistol like  
Larry Davis or Brian Nichols  
Every pig, every public official, the boomerang  
Is coming back to get you, you reap what you sow  
The system you created created a monster  
And now you scared cause it's coming back to haunt you

*[Hook x2]*

*[Verse 2: M-1]*

Since we gonna take the blame, I'm a rep my name to get my aim right  
Let's have an overthrow and after party in the same night  
Same height as Huey, same muscle build as Malcolm  
With the same circumstances in the hood, you know the outcome  
And read it in the news about your sergeant and your captain  
Don't take this as a warning, just another nigga rappin'  
Fuck the way we organizing, fuck the training and the grapplin'  
And fuck them Uncle Toms who call police because we smack them  
And fuck you sympathizers with your middle class reactions  
Cause we bangin' on the system, G'd up, fuck the factions  
And if you didn't know, the G was for George Jackson  
And long live his warrior spirit packin' the Magnum  
Watching over the soldiers, knowin' niggas be blackin'  
When we really need to be disciplined in our ways and actions  
When we get some freedom you niggas can start braggin'  
Till then, inside the blood of my eye, you see the dragon

*[Hook x2]*

*[Verse 3: Immortal Technique]*

I'm like the birth of baby Mohammed, the movement I started  
Can spar with the hardest, the martyr regarded as Spartacus-hearted  
It doesn't matter whose missiles can shoot the farthest  
When you're a target in an Afghan Tutoberg Forest  
Close quarters combat over corrupted elections  
Bilderberg is like cancer, it grows an infection  
Nepotism is the gold and the conductor's connection  
And ignorance is the prison that the people are kept in  
The military ain't there for the people's protection  
They're just there to protect an investment  
That's why people get arrested, electrocuted, molested  
Connected streets are infested with those tired of protestin'  
Traumatized children grow to guerilla garrisons  
9/11 generations pale in comparison  
And you will learn a lesson repeated through history  
That no matter what you think, occupation is not victory

*[Outro: Immortal Technique]*

Somalia, Kashmir  
Nigeria, Palestine  
Iraq, bring it back

*[Hook x2]*

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Rich Man's World (1%)"

*[Arthur Jensen:]*

"You get up and howl about America and democracy. There is no America. There is no democracy. We no longer live in a world of nations and ideologies

The world is a college of corporations inexorably determined by the immutable bylaws of business  
The world is a business  
And I have chosen you to preach this evangel."

*[Immortal Technique:]*

For all my free-market, healthcare-robbing, stock-stealing, retirement-fund-fucking-with niggas  
Fuck your little credit-card scamming, jewelry-stealing, crack-selling, liquor-store-robbing motherfuckers  
(It's a rich man's world)

Shout to the homies, Carnegie, OG, Willie Randolph Hearst, Farouk, Rockefeller, the real Rockefeller, my main bitch Leona

Pour out a little Louis the Thirteenth, Scott Rothstein, Jack Abramoff, hold ya head, my Rothschild niggas  
Let's get this money

I spend my day repping America overseas  
Pensions for the workers? Nigga please  
Embezzlement etiquette private settlement  
I'm better with confederate rhetoric from my mansion in Connecticut  
Foreclose and evict homes at the tenement  
I twist words like a speech impediment  
I hope you got good credit bitch

If not better get a new job with benefits  
While I play golf with niggas I get cheddar with  
New money buys brand new karats  
My old money bought your great grandparents

You got grills in ya mouth I ain't mad at ya  
I own every gold mine in South Africa  
Thanks baby you made me a billion  
Plus I own a building for each one of my children's children

That's the shit  
Snort coke in the whip miss USA sucking my dick  
Yea what  
Fuck the law 'cause real jail is for suckers  
I go to country club prison you dumb mother fuckers  
(I am the 1% fucking bitch)

You know my CEO corporate steeze please  
Overthrow governments overseas in a breeze  
Politicians in my pockets for a few hundred Gs  
So if I'm ever in court my assets'll never freeze

I got a job and house and a bank account

When I'm out I doubt that's something you could say

And if not then I fake death like Kenneth Lay

Make money every day the world burns on its axis

While y'all struggling to pay taxes

I'm getting my money the fastest

Memos and faxes shredded-up documents

Slush funds through the corrupt continents

But they don't want me indicted

'Cause they don't want my dirty laundry aired when I fight it

Don't get my lawyers excited

'Cause what good is a law if you can't rewrite it

I got CIA traders, dictators

So fuck y'all whistle blowers and haters

(It's a rich man's world)

Shit

I'll invest money from Al Qaeda

In the bank 911 widows go to later

Capitalism's who I pray to

Fuck the state of the world

Money talks so what the fuck I need to say to ya girl

(I don't pay em to fuck, I pay em to leave)

You know my CEO corporate steeze greed

I'll treat countries like the IMF down on your knees

Real gangsters run the world fuck what you believe

I'll cut down the forest while y'all niggas burning some trees

I'll get your family murdered for a couple of Gs

'Cause your working-class money ain't fucking with me

You think rappers are rich 'cause of songs you heard?

My labels make the money and haven't rapped a fucking word

Yacht in the ocean coastin' with the sails out

Hey America thanks for the bailouts

I made off at the Banco Ambrosiano

Got away scott free like el Vaticano

Activists act a bitch get mad at me

'Cause I'm a tax free charity

80% to the staff and company

And 20% to the homeless and hungry

The country gotta pay the fed reserve

Kick back to the banksters haven't you learned

You protest cops who patrols on the street

But I bought city hall so I own the police

Email, Facebook and the shit you tweet

Own the phone companies so I heard you speaking

My suggestion is no correction no elections, sex with no affection

No invention would benefit the world of man  
Will exist 'til I got the money in my hand  
World bank, interest rate damn rape on the spot  
But I'm a gangster you gon' take my money like it or not, nigga  
(I got your country in my pocket, motherfucker!)

You know my CEO masonic steeze cheese  
Only little people pay all these taxes and fees  
Since you were born we controlled what you watch and you read  
And pretty soon we're gonna own the fucking air that you breathe

I take what I want fucker I don't have to say please  
I'll convince you that it's good for you, take it and leave  
You think presidents are the face of a nation  
I put em all where they are, end of the conversation

Thanks to Luke Lopez, Victor Trujillo, Mathieu, kevin, ProphecyKiller for correcting these lyrics.

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Toast To The Dead"

*[Chorus]*

Rest in Peace

Here's another warriors song, rep this life to the fullest

Mothafucka, say yo' prayers!

For brothers who died from black-on-black violence

Rest in Peace

You ain't payin' respect when you' 'spose to

Rep this life to the fullest

Rest in Peace

This ain't for y'all, this' a toast to them

Rest in Peace

*[Immortal Technique - Verse 1]*

Here's a toast to the dead

If you don't drink, smoke to the head

For the freedom fighters killed by the feds

For those who died hard in the streets soaking in red

And died slow asleep in a dream choking in bed

Here's a toast to the dead for my enemies that are gone

I'm not a coward so, celebrating that would be wrong

I pray to God that your soul will come back again

So I can see you in the next life and finish it then

A toast to the dead for criminals, burning in hell

I wonder how many presidents are burning as well

Emperors, Popes, Senators, Generals

Amputees feelin' unlucky until they see the vegetables

A toast to the dead for those who I've forgotten

Written out of the history by the corrupted and rotten

Black saints whitewashed during La Reconquista

Thousands of Indios Spaniards used to conquer the Incas

F-ck a moment of silence! I need a moment of violence!

Like the nineteenth century Caribbean Islands

Long live those who came before, that paved the way for me

The warriors and scientists that came before slavery

And if that last lyric was predictable

Take your clairvoyance and apply it to your life in the physical

Presumptuous half-hearted homunculus

Self-destruction is the power without knowing what the function is

*[Chorus]*

Rest in Peace

Here's another warriors song, rep this life to the fullest

Rest in Peace

Mothafucka, say yo' prayers!

For brothers who died from black-on-black violence

Rest in Peace

You ain't payin' respect when you' 'spose to

Rep this life to the fullest

Rest in Peace  
This ain't for y'all, this' a toast to them  
Rest in Peace

*[Immortal Technique - Verse 2]*

Here's a toast to the dead, for all of my fam  
I will never let an idea die with a man  
My rhymes are like Nazca lines designed to give a view-of-this  
J.Dilla's still alive as long as his music is  
A toast to the dead for rap legends and pioneers  
Your legacy won't be forsaken as long as I am here  
Knowledge of the past and, wisdom of the present  
I'll teach and leave in the hands of a worthy lieutenant  
A toast to the dead, for children with cancer and aids  
A cure exists and you probably, could have been saved  
Sad to see, medicine divorce morality  
Corporate homewreckers, pimpin' up a salary  
A toast to the dead, for those that've died today  
The victims and those exonerated by DNA  
The only thing worse than giving freedom to the guilty  
Is killing the innocent, and leavin' your soul filthy  
Immortal Technique, remember me when I'm gone  
I encrypted my lyrics to stay alive in a song  
So you'll always keep a piece, of my spirit inside  
When you struggle to complete what I started before I died  
But some of you, won't survive the changes the earth makes  
Swallowed by tsunamis, hurricanes and earthquakes  
And that's just the first stage of 'you-can-not-reverse-ways'  
And realise that we are one, regardless of our birthplace

*[Chorus]*

Here's another warriors song, rep this life to the fullest  
Rest in Peace  
Mothafucka, say yo' prayers!  
For brothers who died from black-on-black violence  
Rest in Peace  
You ain't payin' respect when you' 'spose to  
Rep this life to the fullest  
Rest in Peace  
This ain't for y'all, this' a toast to them  
Rest in Peace

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Eyes In The Sky"

(feat. Mojo of Dujeous)

*[Chorus:]*

I am the eye in the sky looking at you I can read your mind  
I am the maker of rules dealing with fools, I can cheat you blind

*[Verse 1: Immortal Technique]*

Yeah, my truth is the Ark of the Covenant buried in Ethiopia

Watch when you fuckin' with a Minneapolis Somalian

When I go home the world I used to know is gone and I will live on my own

For what shall it profit a rapper with creative control to sign a deal with the devil and lose his soul?

My still born first expression is cold

Like the faces of slave masters on the paper I fold

Subliminal racial supremacy chokin' me quick like the bedtime stories of Joseph Smith

Lynch mob gunnin' for me trynna murder my seeds

Shorty put him in the Nile in a basket of reeds

And now I stare in to the future with a spiritual flashlight wondering who the fuck was me in a past-life

Bad diet, fuck raw, die young, fast life, same as a crash flight that took off when the music died on your last night

Tell em' the truth and they call you a traitor

Talk to em' honestly and they call you a hater

Losin' my composure cause the message is urgent

Talkin' reckless drunk on the mic like Larry Merchant

Cursin' at the serpents, Sumerian demons

Who brush their wings against the air that I'm breathing

A heathen with nothin' left to believe in even a reason from livin' that was forgiven by God and not religion

Envision Jesus risen from the dead like Horus in the Baptist church shakin' off the rigor mortis

The borders should be illegal instead of the people that were here before the bible and all of its sequels

I speak to the detached and unrealistic that were born normal but turned socially autistic

We resisted Homeland Security's mission because I know what they really envision...

*[Chorus x2]*

I am the eye in the sky looking at you, I can read your mind

I am the maker of rules dealing with fools, I can cheat you blind

Thanks to Don, Will S, Chris for correcting these lyrics.

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Goonies Never Die"

(feat. Diabolic, Swave Sevah, Gomez)

### *[Intro 1]*

And it's not smart to be dumb  
It's not smart to be dumb  
bumb de dumb dumb dumb  
Back where I come from  
it's not considered smart to be dumb

### *[Intro 2]*

Immortal Technique -  
Okay little empanada, time for bed  
"Empanada" - Uncle Felipe  
Immortal Technique -  
What, what is it now?  
"Empanada" - I heard that  
you and my dad used to  
be in a gang. Is that true?  
IT - Who told you that  
man, your mother. It  
wasn't a gang we were  
just a group of friends  
Em - Did you do bad things?  
IT - No no no look we just  
used to draw and stuff  
and play karate, borrow  
things, throw stuff, y'know  
run around at night. Like Goonies  
Em - Whats a Goonie?  
IT - You never heard of  
Goonies before?

### *[Verse 1 - Immortal Technique]*

I coulda chose another life  
with the feds try'na get me  
Little kids putting work in  
like at Gap and Disney  
In the whip high as shit  
like Bobby and Whitney  
Grab your hand and push  
the mother fuckin' pedal to sixty  
Harlem cops frisk me to  
get me to make their quotas  
But I told ya "Siempre hay  
que separar las drogas"  
Bar brawl in the club  
popping and rocking georsh  
Shot it out leaving bullet  
holes the size of matzu balls

I love big chicks never  
fucked with a slim broad  
    Played soccer and  
hammered nails into their shin guards  
    Gambled at cee lo with  
Dominicans locked in the tombs  
    We was there for robbing  
niggas for them Spanish doubloons  
    Remember Goonie era  
    graffiti of all sorts  
    Now they wanna foreclose  
on the hood to build a golf course  
    I'll put your hand in a  
blender to make an entree  
    Then cut your dick and  
glue it back on the wrong way

*[Hook - Immortal Technique]*

All ma revolutionary  
soldiers better ride  
My word is mathematics  
bitch numbers never lie  
So even if they tell you I'm  
dead I'm still alive  
Because mother fucker  
Goonies never die  
Witness protection  
program rappers better hide  
I serve revenge out the  
freezer niggas never slide  
So if they tell you I'm gone  
and you safe niggas lied  
Because mother fucker  
Goonies never die

*[Verse 2 - Swave Sevah]*

I'm a certified goonie the  
type a burgla rob ya crib  
And leave it smellin like  
sour and Afghan gooey  
Life is a movie but yours  
was filmed on a greener screen  
I give you pure uncut raw  
    no deleted scenes  
    War with a broadsword  
    dumping a tech nine  
Slit your throat give you a  
    Colombian neck tie  
The best buy to get we let  
die let fly the next guy to try some shit  
    Listen a few words just to  
    describe my clique  
We like a gang of spartans

walking on the Gaza strip  
Never say die its time to  
fight and we never run  
My Goonies rob niggas for  
jewelery we call em treasure hunts  
Let him front like he a  
tough guy with wippe?  
I'll hit em slug turn him to  
one eye willy watery  
grave hide ya chips  
I'll hijack ya boat load and  
cruise away on my pirate ship

*[Hook - Immortal Technique]*

All ma revolutionary  
soldiers better ride  
My word is mathematics  
bitch numbers never lie  
So even if they tell you I'm  
dead I'm still alive  
Because mother fucker  
Goonies never die  
Witness protection  
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So if they tell you I'm gone  
and you safe niggas lied  
Because mother fucker  
Goonies never die

*[Verse 3 - Diabolic]*

Before Duncan Penderhuse  
was runnin' with dougie doug  
My team got away with  
murder we ain't fit the bloody glove  
Those jungle breeze and  
we come to feed our hungry cubs  
With hoes pulling out our  
pipes like Goonies under country clubs  
Let these funny thugs  
know whoever steps in 'Bolics spot  
Is getting crushed with  
solid rock the jester copper pot  
I suggest the drama stops  
I'll flood blocks with mustard gas  
You're up shits creek in a  
rubber raft cut in half  
Cross my fucking path I'll  
dare you I'll mangle who lit the fuse  
Quick to lose my marbles  
like Mikey replacing his with jewels  
Watching y'all enslave the

game I'm forced to say the truth  
Break the chains quick and  
Sloth reaching for Baby Ruth  
We got AD proof and  
whores in daisy dukes extra low  
While fat bitches do the  
truffle shuffle just to get in shows  
Fuck what your record  
sold respect the code and recognize  
The rebel tribe that my  
people kept alive will never die

*[Hook - Immortal Technique]*

All ma' revolutionary  
soldiers better ride  
My word is mathematics  
bitch numbers never lie  
So even if they tell you I'm  
dead I'm still alive  
Because mother fucker  
Goonies never die  
Witness protection  
program rappers better hide  
I serve revenge out the  
freezer niggas never slide  
So if they tell you I'm gone  
and you safe niggas lied  
Because mother fucker  
Goonies never die

*[Outro]*

Thanks to Esteban for adding these lyrics.  
Thanks to Kyle, Smoke2Much for correcting these lyrics.

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Natural Beauty"

(feat. Mela Machinko)

...natural beauty, so beautiful, yeah, natural love, yeah...

They corrupted the priceless African image of Isis  
Replaced it with a lifeless anorexic white bitch  
The fashion industry got 'em in a funny spot  
Self-hatred leaking out they mouth like a money shot  
Movie star, Hollywood Babylon fantasy  
Buncha peacock bitches in a cocaine canopy  
And if you healthy they make you think you're a manatee  
Look how they invented this euro-centric insanity  
Got you brain washed to the point you bleaching your skin  
Blind to the truth, you can't see the beauty within  
Cause ain't nothing wrong with exercise to tighten your thighs  
But there's something wrong with contacts that lighten ya eyes  
We're goin backwards, from hip hop in the park  
To the experiments by Dr. Kenneth Clark  
So after the cannabis I'ma have to handle this  
Release the pressure on her and open her like an amythist

Their lies cant fade ya beauty  
You gotta know who you are  
Stay strong and always remember  
The truth in your heart  
Don't forget there are those who  
Benefit from your scars  
And who deny what's natural

Check it uh,  
The business of beauty isn't a natural model  
It's built to be the opposite of the cultures we topple  
These magazines got you caught in a hustle  
Cause when you starve yourself  
Your body doesn't burn fat it burns muscle  
And men don't even like women control the business  
That's why the women look like men  
And the men like bitches  
I break it down as god is my witness  
Remember Sambo charicature characteristics  
Now who got the collagen under they lipstick  
Implanted Arabic hips, surgical sickness  
A bi-polar society that claims to be righteous  
Spray paintin artificial melanin  
Tryin to be like us  
Livin in a pathetic epidemic of schizophrenic buying a  
Synthetic body with credit  
You mad that I said it  
But you know that I'm right

Find a natural beauty and get you some natural lovin' tonight

    Their lies cant fade your beauty  
    You gotta know who you are  
    Stay strong and always remember,  
        The truth in your heart  
    Don't forget there are those who  
        Benefit from your scars  
    And who deny what's natural

    Their lies can't fade your beauty  
    You gotta know who you are  
    Always remember, truth lies in your heart

Thanks to munga, G.E., Kerry for correcting these lyrics.

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Running Nowhere (Interlude)"

People are running, where are they go-ing  
People are running, where are they go-ing?  
People are running, where are they go-ing  
People are running, where are they go-ing?  
People are running, where are they go-ing  
People are running, where are they go-ing?  
People are running, where are they go-ing  
People are running, where are they go-ing?

*[fades out slowly]*

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Civil War"

(feat. Brother Ali, Chuck D & Killer Mike)

### *[Immortal Technique]*

The ghetto is like a prison, with invisible bars  
No matter where you ride, it always follows you where you are  
And it's hard out there, for a pimp to get outta  
But it's harder for the hooker that he beat the shit outta  
I got niggas underground in the Confederate States  
Ironically runnin' from slavery that prison creates  
So I never hate on the south, I respect they vision  
I just hate on niggas that promote Samboism  
And white execs that love to see us in that position  
They reflect the stereotypes of America's vision  
They want us dancing, cooning and hollering  
Only respect us for playing sports and modeling  
More than racism, it's stay in your place-ism  
More people are trapped in practical blackface-ism  
So fuck a Civil War between the North and the South  
It's between field niggas and slaves that are stuck in the house

### *[Chorus: Chuck D]*

Civil war for the soul of a nation  
This is a struggle to save civilization  
Demonstrations overthrowing the occupation  
The annihilation of mental colonization

Civil war for the soul of a nation  
We fight for the future of our civilization  
Destroy the corrupt government organizations  
Trying to survive cultural assassination

### *[Killer Mike]*

Crip niggas, Blood nigga, ese's, Asians  
Why the fuck we warring with each other's population?  
The devil wanna dead all our population  
People in Folk nation, why the separation?  
Why we got Jamaicans hatin' on Haitians  
When the British and French raped both nations?  
Mexicans and Blacks kill each other, straight hating  
While the government profits from prison population  
If you on the bottom, be you Anglo or Asian  
You gotta recognize the realness of what I'm sayin'  
You gotta recognize another G ain't the enemy  
When the police ride to kill us frequently  
We gotta make the youth see, where the truth be  
If you a G, then grow and develop GD  
50 years of gangs and our people still poor  
If we really run the streets, we should really end war

*[Chorus: Chuck D]*

Civil war for the soul of a nation  
This is a struggle to save civilization  
Demonstrations overthrowing the occupation  
The annihilation of mental colonization

Civil war for the soul of a nation  
We fight for the future of our civilization  
Destroy the corrupt government organizations  
Trying to survive cultural assassination

*[Brother Ali]*

Listen, our hearts were torn apart just like y'all was  
Watching towers full of souls fall to sawdust  
Everytime we called your office you ignored us  
Now you holding hearings on us all inside a Congress  
Microscopes on us, ask if we're Jihadists  
My answer was in line with all of the Founding Fathers  
I think Patrick said it best; Give me liberty or death  
I shall never accept anything less  
You claim innocence, you play victimless  
But you gave the kiss of death in the name of self defense  
Slavery and theft have brought the nations to the end  
Of pacifying your citizenry with excess  
We believe in freedom, justice, security  
But they're only pure when they're applied universally  
So certainly if I rage against the machine  
My aim was only to clean the germs out of the circuitry  
Heard you need putting fear inside your heart  
Make you burn Qu'rants and tell me not to build a mosque  
Me, my wife and babies we ain't never made jihad  
We just want to touch our heads to the floor and talk to God  
Ask him to remove every blemish from my heart  
The greatest threat of harm doesn't come from any bomb  
The moment you refuse the human rights of just a few  
What happens when that few includes you?  
Civil war

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Mark Of The Beast"

(feat. Akir, Beast 1333)

*[Verse 1: Akir]*

Get ya dough watch it go, back to the peoples that holding some  
Basic H's secret states keepin the stuffs the stole it from  
Peter Jospeh told us so, only those that seem to know  
Can counteract the satus quo balance back wich way to go  
My rough ID CID used by the beast to track you yeah  
Charge in the car can cause an alarm  
That's part of the arm that traps you now  
Back to check in, you go inside you prepared to fly  
Watch for scalin you cannot hide  
Comfortable you roll no matter what you done  
What treats for sky? climbin a tree while I'm gettin high  
That big brother eagle start to die  
No matter what the reason we can devise  
The plant in the sea saw the seeds that provide?  
Away for us to breathe out the evilest side  
No need to kiss the dream is alive  
Free from the evils of the dreams inside

*[Hook: Cuts by DJ Pone]*

*[Verse 2: Beast 1333]*

Yo the World a Mess  
we All Lust the Flesh  
I won't Stop till the People  
see Success  
So Many beat to Death  
so Many people Left  
With the Mark of the Beast  
can't cheat the Test  
You bear the Mark  
i Bear the Mark  
With the blood in the Waters  
there for Sharks  
Now everybody want to Be Quoting Marx  
with a Less of the Bite  
And a More the Bark  
in A World of Fakes  
Here's what it Takes  
gotta have Big Balls  
Not Baby Grapes  
at A Crazy Pace  
Let's do it Face to Face  
the Whole Race chase Waste  
Space Age Sensash  
with a Warm embrace  
They go and Stab your Back

it's so Wack that the Hacks  
Flapjack the Tracks  
and When the Bombs attack  
We Gon Bomb em Back  
wit the Cold Facts Rap Tracks  
Catch a Jax  
Theres No Latch attached  
you Can't Own a Soul  
So don't go go scroll po po patrol  
lets Go Toe to Toe Like Pro Dojo Throws  
Sold your Soul so Don't Go so Slow  
no Need to Crow  
No Need to Flip  
what we Need is a Change in Leadership  
Wont even Give a Chance to Plead the Fifth  
before the Radar Go From  
Bleep to Blip Bitch

*[Hook: Cuts by DJ Pone]*

*[Verse 3: Immortal Technique]*

You think I don't notice the line when you cross it  
I'm like the mind of a genious trapped in a cerebral palsy  
You underestimate the hood you think niggas is stupid  
We read the countries credits, niggas know who produced it  
Why the fuck you think the pushing military recruitment  
America been platinum and she afraid of recoupment  
So when you try to close the boarder and don't let us in  
I'll overthrow califonia with 20 million mexicans  
Cubans and chinese who came looking for freedom  
Till they realised america was run by a demon  
And I don't mean George Bush he was a fuckin zero  
More like the roman emperor Nero  
Who did nothing while the black slum turned to atlantis  
I mean those behind the canvas that made the mechanics  
And then planned it, it sounds simple but stupid niggas won't understand it  
Until the mark of the beats has your face branded

*[Cuts by DJ Pone]*

Thanks to Bacel for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Pierre Louis Garcia

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Black Vikings"

(feat. Styles P, Vinnie Paz, Poison Pen)

### [Verse 1: Immortal Technique]

Back like I was locked up, putting in work  
Burning through books like nazi's in a catholic church  
I'm cursed like cain when he murdered his brother  
Cut your face off and wear it while I'm fucking your mother  
I'm mars ultor, the avenger, the god of war  
And if you don't believe in me, I doubt you believe in god at all  
I breathe smokeless fire, the Jinn type  
That'll make you hate the way that allah made you to live life  
Like hindu, niggas that be bleaching their skin white  
Other people's teeth in my hands after a fist fight  
I was born with a sixth sense and a swift right  
Skinned werewolves and rape demons at midnight  
Sell your kids into slavery after we murder you  
Or sacrifice them in the same fire we burnin' you  
Barbarian funeral, nigga, you wanna know?  
Damn the river, bury me, and let the water flow

### [Hook: Poison Pen]

Chaos, mayhem, bang outs, slay them, uprise, rape them, raid them  
Cage em, pandemonium, insurgent, death merchants, commit the best murder  
Pillage, Kill them, erase history, make them a mystery

### [Verse 2: Styles P]

Cut the nose off, the ears off, the whole head  
Immortal and ghost coming, code red  
You never seen a black barbarian  
Warrior, warlord, pussy, cut your balls off  
More bodies come, more bodies hauled off  
What you want the sword and get shit sawed off  
Your throat need an axe in it  
And I'm breaking your back because your spine needed a crack in it  
You bugging me, I'm coming to fumigate  
The wolverine, the sabre tooth, the way that I mutilate  
I'm like the viking in Valhalla Rising  
Except I got black skin and both of my eyes in  
Don't test him, please don't stress him  
He'll hang you from a tree with your own intestines  
How you wanna die? make your own suggestion  
Now talk to the lord and make your own confession

### [Hook]

### [Verse 3: Vinnie Paz]

You pussies living in a movie theatre  
Put the motherfucking spell on you like brujeria  
Chop his motherfucking head like a ruthless leader

Guns drawn in a church service, shoot the preacher  
You need to be godly to know allah  
Ain't no rappers eating around me, like a broken jaw  
It ain't ever been a day that I ain't broke the law  
What you think I hold a motherfucking toaster for?  
I ain't going there, there's police in that room  
And vinnie walk around with bags of dust like a vacuum  
Bury you under the earth inside a black tomb  
My body covered in Dashiki and stab wounds  
I'm a guerilla, barbarians is my ancestors  
That's a part of my neurological transmitters  
We Islamic and brought the story of shem with us (Al hamdu Allah!)  
While we brought the motherfucking blam blam with us

*[Hook]*

*[Outro]*

The walls have been breached! ANFALL!!!

We came in the name of peace and brotherhood, you wanted us bound in slavery, poisoned our water, changed  
our names...

Burn their homes, take their jewels, skin them alive!  
Hold on, hold on, hold on...

No one will know these people ever existed, and all that will be left is what we build upon their ruins...

Thanks to Eugen Kabinde for correcting these lyrics.

# **Immortal Technique Lyrics**

## **"Conquerors"**

(with Dr. John Henrik Clarke)

Nearly all religion was brought to people and imposed on people by conquerors and used as the framework to control their minds. My main point here is that if you are a child of god and god is a part of you, then in your imagination god is supposed to look like you and when you accept a picture of the deity assigned to you by another people you become the spiritual prisoner of that other people.

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Young Lords"

(feat. Joell Ortiz, Pumpkinhead, CF, Panama Alba)

*[Immortal Technique:]*

New to the world, fresh out the barrio, I was an outlaw rebel, out of my mind, young and wild, my existence defined in one word: Survive!

*[Verse 1: Joell Ortiz]*

If it could be sold, I can sell it, If it can't, that's cool  
I'll fix it up make it look good enough to catch some fools  
It started when I was young with my genesis games  
He traded me John Madden for--I don't remember the name  
But it was weak though, the streets though, they play with perico  
So Tito became my hijo, he had cheap blow  
And each O like three, four times, I flipped ones  
But it's evil, the people I deal with'll stick nuns  
With big guns, the diesel that diesel never change  
The custies still nod like they agree with everything  
The weed ain't the same, all the colors is new  
It ain't just green, the haze is purple and them berries is blue  
I don't care if it was pink, as long as they still smoking  
I had them bags packed until they damn near open  
The hustle's in my veins, I could bleed in a pot  
And make a soup that'd go for 10 dollars a pop

*[Immortal Technique:]*

In la calle, a collision course with incarceration, consumed by the lies of the streets, they were an illusion but I  
awoke caged like an animal

*[Verse 2: Pumpkinhead]*

They got me locked in a cell where I'm feeling like an experiment  
My spirit sharper than lasers they used to build pyramids  
Writing on the walls keep me sane  
Knuckle push-ups on the concrete, till I bleed out the pain  
Thoughts of my freedom lingering in my brain  
I'm stronger and much quicker I appreciate the gain  
Building with my a-alike, brown power reunite  
Tattoos of my flag, PR pride Jesus Christ  
But I wouldn't wish this on my worst enemy  
So when I'm free I'll teach and spread the speech  
Of how they try to divide us (to make us weak)  
Find us (and break a piece) So I gotta  
(To make a peace) honest (I play for keeps)  
This is the life of your forefathers that fought hard  
Four corners of backyards, power in numbers  
So they subtract us and add bars  
If they want it, we gonna take 'em to war  
We not a gang or a clique, we Young Lords!

*[Immortal Technique:]*

I came to my senses, un esclavo no soy (I am not a slave), that is not my past, I came to know me and my people, red brown and black, helped me paint the future.

*[Verse 3: CF]*

The world got a template, to turn us into inmates caged in a state pen,  
Man, fuck going to penn state,  
Bonded to slave ships to punch in your timecard,  
Walk my oasis spacing jungle behind bars,  
Got my epiphany like Malcolm X,  
Prison to the bricks, but I'm stuck in this global house arrest,  
I'm a free man so I changed my mannerisms,  
This Greenspan system wanna dent my activism,  
Estilo machetero get my people out the ghetto,  
21st century grito de alar estate quieto (stay calm),  
We vocal minorities, no pookie man trail,  
Guess the local authorities to be the Ho Chi Minh trail,  
From robbing bodegas and boosting like low-lives,  
The medium figures choking the four five,  
Revolutionary gangsters in your presence,  
Trying to dead us through cancer, through chemical testing!

*[Immortal Technique:]*

Unidos por fin! (Finally, united!) We seize the time, free at last, learn to love, live to fight, not just for me, but for others, teach the new blood, and live for freedom!

*[Verse 4: Immortal Technique]*

I survived the COINTELPRO assassinations  
AIDS epidemic crack era fractured a nation  
The interpretation of American democracy  
Is best exemplified in its foreign policy dichotomy  
I live a double-life of political philosophy  
But revolution follows me, the struggle for equality  
Against the morally bankrupt, claiming to be born again  
It's a civil war again, like MS-13's origin  
Banned ethnic studies claiming our culture will swallow them  
But you can't conquer people and build a country on top of them  
And then feel offended that they breathe the same oxygen  
Your family values lack the wisdom of Solomon  
But Operation Condor and Operation Bootstrap  
Are Poli Sci 101 research for the New Jack  
It's hard to reach, Communist Utopia tomorrow  
When your hands are in a fucking glass jar like Che Guevara  
Forget the distorted historical facts you were given  
Slave trade was the capital for capitalism  
Trapped in a prison mentally, dying existentially  
Separated from people you can't see yourself to be  
Then racially integrated into a burning house  
Colony of an empire, economically burning out  
Can't win a debate, so they sponsor every threat to me  
I wonder if Agent 800 is standing next to me

In Puerto Rico, the main problem we have es que somos colonia (is that we are a colony) we are a colony, we are fighting for freedom, because we will not be a slave nation for [?] the struggle here is to make universities the

struggle here is in the community, it's against the police and violence, it's against discrimination, it's against the crime against humanity on this beautiful Caribbean Island, this is [?] Young lords, revolutionary always, from San Juan, Puerto Rico, Que viva Puerto Rico libre! (Long Live a free Puerto Rico!)

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Ultimas Palabras"

A new American revolution has begun,  
Not against the forces of a colonial kingdom  
But a rebellion against an oppressor that has risen among us,  
It is not a foreign invasion we have to fear,  
Rather the threat of a force within our nation  
That has usurped what was once a dream of having the greatest democracy ever known to man,  
We now live in a world where the population has grown exponentially,  
And the planet is running out of resources to sustain us all,  
We in the inner-city and those struggling in the suburban ghettos may not realize it yet,  
But make no mistake,  
The people who control the technology and run every enterprise that makes up our world,  
Have seen this coming for a long time,  
The ideas of renewable energy,  
Global warming,  
The idea of collectively working,  
Were purposefully bought out, derailed, demonized, or corrupted,  
In favor of an economic structure designed by a monetary caste system,  
In a desperate attempt to convince us that we need to maintain that extravagant existence,  
They've pretended we might share in their dream,  
That we can justify any inhumanity in its name,  
Out of this blind ignorance was born the curse of slavery,  
Many of the founders of this nation were themselves Masons,  
That is not a Left wing or Right wing conspiracy theory,  
It is a widely known and accepted fact,  
So then explain to me how a nation founded by men,  
Who not only understood the long and complicated history of Europe,  
But also that of Africa,  
Could permeate such a lie in convincing the American public,  
That one race of men was superior and one inferior,  
When in fact we know that all the early men,  
The men who created civilization and every aspect of what we see today,  
The foundation of all human life,  
Were from Africa,  
The greatest cowardice of course came not with slavery itself,  
Unfortunately,  
But with the excuses for slavery,  
For if America had been as brave as the Roman Empire and all other empires that have come after her,  
And claimed "No, we were just stronger and that's why we took you",  
Then when slavery was over racism would've probably followed in suit,  
But instead it was the social lie,  
The religious lie that was told,  
That stayed in the mind of people,  
That separated one human being from another,  
In order to distract us from the issues of class and freedom,  
They created issues around religion and race to dominate the world for centuries to come,  
Some claim that they respect that they respect the culture of life in this country,  
They cry out for indignity of children that are slaughtered before they are born,  
But God has not penetrated their souls,

For they have no empathy,

Nothing in their cold hearts for the 100s of 1,000s of lives we have taken in our wars overseas,

For that which they call "collateral damage",

Which the are the burnt and damaged children of the world,

They have no prayers for them,

Only snide commentary on the internet and laughter in their hearts,

And yet you claim to be one with God,

Huh,

We talk about immigration in this country,

Might doesn't make right ladies and gentleman,

It just makes right now,

What we are saying to the rest of the world,

Is one day when America grows weak,

One day when her legions falter,

On the day when her economy crumbles,

China, Russia, Europe, whatever power has arisen,

All you have to do is come here and conquer us in a few military excursions,

And then you too can set up shop here,

And in 100 years you can tell every red-blooded American,

"No, you are an illegal human being,

I am the true citizen,

I have all the rights,

You have no rights",

Maybe you forgot how you got this country,

Maybe you take for granted the blood, the sweat, the tears,

That the people who live in practical serfdom shed everyday,

For we may not run America, but we make America run,

We talk about the Law,

Yet,

How many indignities have been legal in the past?

How many treaties with Native Americans have we broken?

How many international laws have we violated?

And,

Speaking of laws,

How can a corporation be regulated by a government that is funded and controlled by corporations?

How can there be accountability,

For people who see a profit margin above the lives of Americans?

Above the lives of human beings in other countries?

We have taken the soul out ourselves and placed them inside machines,

My words of course,

Will be marginalized, demonized,

In typical fashion,

Anytime you dare to question the power structure they say you hate America,

No, I love this country,

I see its beauty everyday in its people,

And I love it a lot more than those who have abandoned the American worker,

That have chose to exploit and try to take away benefit she has,

Those that attempt to make excuses for every atrocity committed,

In the name of supposed freedom,

Those who demand accountability from everyone,

But offer none themselves,

Who favor contracts over lives,

Who favor invasion and control over organic democracy overseas,

The greatest flaw that any intelligent person has is to think they're smarter than everyone else,  
And so the government has planted its spies amongst us,  
We have planted our spies among them,  
They have infiltrated every branch of the American government,  
They have retrieved names, data, hard numbers,  
The paper trail that will expose those that truly control this country,  
Those that control the political parties,  
Those that control the oil industry,  
The energy,  
Those that stand behind the companies faceless,  
Whose names have never been revealed,  
Until tod.. *[GUNSHOT]*

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Sign Of The Times"

(feat. Cetan Wanbli, Lockjaw Nakai, Cornel West)

Imagine the word of god without religious groupies

Imagine a savior born in a Mexican hoopty

Persecuted a single mother in a modern manger

You crucify him again like a fucking stranger

Tears of the anger are worth more than diamonds or rubies

Imagine being locked up since juvi

Imagine changing your life and still going out like tookie

Imagine niggas talking shit when they never knew me

Imagine a movie that depicted the pain in your life like the kids in Afghanistan chasing a kite

For most of the world that's what it's like

Imagine if the woman your suppose to love for the rest of your life is set to marry someone else at the end of the night

They say you fight the greatest jihad in your heart and your mind and fight the hardest when you start from behind

So I dreamed the impossible all the time

Fuck a masonic design America's future is mine repeat that to yourself cause if cultures a crime the numbers tatted on your arm aren't too far behind

It can only conquer you after they murdered your mind

So rise up motherfucker like the sign of the times

I feel my body weakening but my spirit is fine

Ready to go to war with devils at the drop of a dime and

Fight with my rebel army until the stars are aligned

Nostradamus was a white man's prophet who predicated European supremacist logic

Because the pilgrims and conquistadors columns killed more innocent people than Hitler and Stalin (Yes)

I guess the fortune teller skipped an Antichrist or two

Brother give this to the OG's doing life with you and

Pray for the problems with the popes psychology so the Vatican will offer an apology, (for what?!)

for destroying the peoples liberation theology

Snatching the spirit of Jesus from people in poverty

Business decisions like keeping people in prisons but had the opposite effect incarcerating religion

That type of crooked politics imposed on a populous is obvious if you read the Northwood documents

Forget the compliments for what I recorded

And live the revolution instead of always dying for it

Remember a bullet can never stop me

My legions are led by the spirit Haile Selassie watch me

Even if I'm shot in the shakra I will prosper

Doppler effect bumping music out a helicopter

Tellin the Persians there comes the rasta

And tell them I came back as the son of the Ahura Mazda

Fish out the Philistine dagon from the shores of Gaza

And call Quetzalcoatl flying over La Raza

This is a message to the older gods I'll sacrifice you all to the revolution like the Romanovs

Lost in the desert like the Hebrews of Israel

The blood clot system try to kill me like sickle cell

But I survived and alive to fight another day cocooned in a coma

I can still hear my mother pray

Sister crying out to god please let my brother stay  
Walking towards the light but somethings pulling me the other way

Thanks to Joey for correcting these lyrics.